The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 19, 1875. NUMBER 33.

Advice: A Fragment.

Every lane, though long, has turnings,
Need we therefore fear alarm?
Gloomy clouds have silver linings;
After storm there comes a calm.

"Give and take" should be our motto;
Echo not an angry word;
Mutual should be our forbearance—
Each and all have sadly erred.

Number not each slight transgression,
"'Tis the noble who forgive;"
Be not swift to see digression,
Else we do but idly live.

Tongues are sometimes far too fluent,
Words are sometimes rather strong,
Eyes will sometimes play the truant,
Ears are sometimes rather long!

Name not every petty scandal,
Brainless babblers choose to fry,
Lest you should provide the handle
Which might flourish forth a lie.

—*Evening Hours*

RUTH'S STEPFATHER.

A curious trade to take to, but then it has grown to be profitable. Things were at a low ebb with me when I took it up, while now—

There, I won't boast, only say that I'm thankful for it. Poverty comes in at the door and love flies out of the window, so they say; but that's all nonsense, or else your poor people would always be miserable, while according to my experience your poor man is often more light-hearted than the man with thousands.

I was at my wits' end for something to do, and sat nibbling my nails oneday and grumbling horribly.

"Don't go on like that, Tom," says my wife; "things might be worse."

"How?" I said.

"Why, we might have Luke at home, and he is doing well."

Luke's our boy, you know, and we had got him into a merchant's office, where he seemed likely to stay; but I was in a grumbling fit then, and there was a clickety-click noise going on in the next room that fidgeted me terribly.

"Thingscan't be worse," I said angrily; and I was going to prove myself in the wrong by making my wife cry, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said and a fellow-lodger put in his head.

"Are you good at works, Mr. Smith?" he said.

"What works?" I said; "fireworks—gasworks?"

"No, no; I mean works of things as goes with wheels and springs."

"Middling," I said, for I was fond of pulling clocks to pieces and trying to invent.

"I wish you'd come and look at this sewing machine, for I can't get it to go."

Sewing machines were newish in those days, and I got up to have a look at it, and after an hour's fiddling about, I began to see a bit of the reason why—the purpose, you know, of all the screws and cranks and wheels; I found out, too, why our neighbor's wife, who was a dressmaker, and had just started one, could not get it to go; and before night, by thinking, and putting this and that together, had got her in the way of working it pretty steadily, though with my clumsy fingers I couldn't have done it myself.

I had my bit of dinner and tea with those people, and they forced half-a-crown upon me as well, and I went back feeling like a new man, so refreshing had been that bit of work.

"There," said my wife, "I told you something would come."

"Well, so you did," I said; "but the something is rather small."

But the very next day—as we were living in the midst of people who were fast taking to sewing machines—if the folks from the next house didnt want me to look at theirs! and then the news spreading, as news will spread, that there was somebody who could cobble and tinker machinery without putting people to the expense that makers would, if the jobs didn't come in fast, so that I was obliged to get files and drills and a vise—regular set of tools by degrees; and at last I was as busy as a bee from morning to night, and whistling over my work as happy as a king.

Of course every now and then I got a breakage, but I could generally get over that by buying a new wheel or spindle, or what not. Next we got to supplying shuttles and needles and machine cotton. Soon after I bought a machine of a man who was tired of it. Next week I sold it at a good profit. Bought another and another, and sold them? then got to taking them and money in exchange for new ones, and one way and the other became a regular big dealer, as you see.

Hundred? Why, new, second-hand, and with those being repaired up-stairs by the men, I've got at least three hundred on the premises, while if anybody had told me fifteen years ago that I should be doing this I should have laughed at him.

That pretty girl showing and explaining the machine to a customer? That's Ruth, that is. No, not my daughter—yet, but she soon will be. Poor girl, I always think of her and of the bread thrown upon the waters at the same time.

Curious idea that, you will say, but I'll tell you why.

In our trade we have strange people to deal with. Most of 'em are poor, and can't buy a machine right off, but are ready and willing to pay so much a week. That suits them, and it suits me, if they'll only keep the payments up to the end.

You won't believe me, perhaps, but some of them don't do that. Some of them leave their lodgings, and I never see them again, and the most curious part is that the sewing machine disappears with them, and I never see that again. Many a one, too, that has disappeared like that do I see again—perhaps have it brought here by some one to be repaired, or exchanged for a bigger, or for one by a different maker; for if you look round here you'll see I've got all kinds—new and old, little domestics and big trades—there you may name any maker and see if I don't bring you out one of his works.

Well, when I ask these people where they got the machine—for I always know them by the number—it turns out that they've bought it through an advertisement or at a salesroom, or maybe out of a pawnbroker's shop.

But I've had plenty of honest people to deal with, too—them as have come straightforward and told me they could'nt keep up their payments, and asked me to take their machine back, when I'd allow them as much as I thought fair, and t'would be the end of a pleasant transaction.

The way I've been bitten though by some folks has made me that case hardened that sometimes I've wondered whether I'd got any heart left, and the wife's had to interfere, telling me I've been spoiled with prosperity and grown unfeeling.

It was she made me give way about Ruth, for one day, after having had my bristles all set up by finding out that three good sound machines, by best makers, had gone nobody knew where, who should come into the shop but a lady-like-looking woman in very shabby widow's weeds. She wanted a machine for herself and daughter to learn, and said she had heard that I would take the money by installments. Now, just half an hour before, by our shop clock, I had made a vow that I'd give up all that part of the trade, and I was very rough with her—just as I am when I'm cross—and said "No."

"But you will if. the lady gives security," says my wife hastily.

The poor woman gave such a woebegone look at us that it made me more out of temper than ever, for I could feel that if I stopped I should have to let her have one at her own terms. And so it was; for there, if I didn't let her have a first-class machine, as good as new, she only paying seven and six down, and undertaking to pay half-a-crown a week, and no more security than nothing.

To make it worse, too, if I didn't send the thing home without charge, Luke going with it, for he was back at home now keeping my books, being grown into a fine young fellow of five-and-twenty; and I sat and growled the whole of the rest of the day, calling myself all the weak-minded idiots under the sun, and telling the wife that business was going to the dogs, and I should soon be ruined.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom," she said.

"So I am," said I; "I didn't think I could be such a fool."

"Such a fool as to do a good, kind action to one who was evidently a lady born, and came down into the world!"

"Yes," I says, "to live in Bennett's Place, where I've sunk no less than ten machines in five years."

"Yes," says the wife, "and cleared hundreds of pounds. Tom, I'm ashamed of you—you a man with twenty workmen busy up stairs, a couple of thousand pounds worth of stock, and in the bank a——"

"Hold your tongue, will you?" I said roughly, and went out into the shop to try and work it all off.

Luke came back soon after, looking very strange, and I was at him directly.

"Where's the seven and six!" I says, angrily.

He did not answer, but put three half-crowns on the desk, took out the book, made his entries—date of delivery, first payment, when the others' due, and all the rest of it—and was then going into the house.

"Mind," I says sharply, "those payments are to be kept up to the day; and to-morrow you go to Rolly's, who lives nearly opposite to 'em, and tell 'em to keep an eye on the widow, or we shall lose another machine."

"You needn't be afraid, father," he says coldly; "they're honest enough, only poor."

I was just in that humor that I wanted to quarrel with somebody, and that did it.

"When I ask your opinion, young man, you give it me; and when I tell you to do a thing, you do it," I says, in as savage a way as ever I spoke to the lad. "You go over to-morrow and tell Rolly's to keep a strict lookout on those people—do you hear?"

"Father," said he, looking me full in the face, "I couldn't insult them by doing such a thing," when without another word, he walked quietly out of the shop, leaving me worse than ever.

For that boy had never spoken to me like that before, and I should have gone after him feeling mad like, only some people came in, and I didn't see him again till evening, and a good thing, too, for I'm sure I should have said all sorts of things to the boy, that I should have been sorry for after. And there I was fuming and fretting about, savage with everybody, giving short answers, snapping at the wife, and feeling as a man does when he knows that he has been in the wrong and hasn't the heart to go and own it.

It was about eight o'clock that I was sitting by the parlor fire, with the wife working and very quiet, when Luke came in from the workshop with a book under his arm, for he had been toting up the men's piecework, and what was due to them; and the sight of him made me feel as if I must quarrel.

He saw it too, but he said nothing, only put the accounts away and began to read.

The wife saw the storm brewing, and she knew how put out I was, for I had not lit my pipe, nor yet had my evening nap, which I always have after tea. So she did what she knew so well how to do—filled my pipe, forced it into my hand, and just as I was going to dash it to pieces in the ashes, she gave me one of her old looks, kissed me on the forehead, as with one hand she pressed me back into my chair, and then with the other she lit a splint and held it to my tobacco.

I was done. She always gets over me like that; and after smoking in silence for half an hour, I was lying back, with my eyes closed, dropping off to sleep, when the wife said (what had gone before I hadn't heard)—

"Yes, he's asleep now."

That woke me up, of course, and if I didn't lie there shamming and heard all they said in a whisper.

"How came you to make him more vexed than he was, Luke?" said the wife; and he told her.

"I couldn't do it, mother," he said excitedly. "It was heart-breaking. She's living in a wretched room there with her daughter; and, mother, when I saw her I felt as if—there, I can't tell you."

"Go on, Luke," she said.

"They're half starved," he said in a husky way. "Oh, mother, it's horrible. Such a sweet, beautiful girl, and the poor woman herself dying almost with the same terrible disease."

The wife sighed.

"They told me," he went on, "how hard they had tried to live by ordinary needle-work, and failed, and that as a last resource they had tried to get the machine."

"Poor things!" says the wife; "but are you sure the mother was a lady?"

"A clergyman's widow," says Luke, hastily; "there isn't a doubt about it. Poor girl! and they've got to learn to use it before it will be of any use."

"Poor girl, Luke?" says the wife softly; and I saw through my eyelashes that she laid a hand upon his arm and was looking curiously at him, when if he didn't cover his face with his hands, rest his elbows on the table, and give a low groan!

Then the old woman got up, stood behand his chair, and began playing with and caressing his hair like the foolish old mother would.

"Mother," he says suddenly, "will you go and see them?"

She didn't answer for a minute, only stood looking down at him, and she said softly—

"They paid you the first money?"

"No," he says, hotly. "hadn't the heart to take it."

"Then that money you paid was yours, Luke?"

"Yes, mother," he says, simply; and those two stopped looking one at the other, till the wife bent down and kissed him, holding his head afterwards for a few moments between her hands; for she always did worship that chap, our only one; and then I closed my eyes tight and went on breathing heavy and thinking.

For something like a new revelation had come upon me. I knew Luke was five and twenty and that I was fifty-four, but he always seemed like a boy to me, and here was I waking up to the fact that he was a grown man, and that he was thinking and feeling as I first thought and felt when I saw his mothtr, nigh upon eight and twenty years ago.

I lay back, thinking and telling myself I was very savage with him for deceiving me and that I wouldn't have him and his mother laying plots together against me, and that I wouldn't stand by and see him make a fool of himself with the first pretty girl he set eyes on, when he might marry Maria Turner, the engineer's daughter, and have a nice bit of money with her to put into the business, and then be my partner.

"No," I says; "if you plot together, I plot all alone," and then I pretended to wake up, took no notice, and had my supper.

I kept rather gruff the next morning and made myself very busy about the place, and I dare say spoke more sharply than usual, but the wife and Luke were as quiet as could be; and about twelve I went out, with a little oil can and two or three tools in my pocket.

It was not far to Bennett's place, and on getting to the right house I asked for Mrs. Murray, and was directed to the second floor, where, as I reached the door I could hear the clicking of my sewing machine, and whoever was there was so busy over it that she did not hear me knock, so I opened the door softly and looked in upon as sad a scene as I shall ever, I dare say, see.

There in the bare room sat, asleep in her chair, the widow lady who came about the machine, and I could see that in her face which told plainly enough that the pain and suffering she must have been going through for years would soon be over, and, situated as she was, it gave me a kind of turn.

"It's no business of yours," I said to myself roughly, and I turned then to look at who it was bending over my machine.

I could see no face—only a slight figure in rusty black; and a pair of busy white hands were trying very hard to govern the thing, and to learn how to use it well.

"So that's the gal, is it?" I said to myself. "Ah Luke, my boy, you've got to the silly calf age, and I dare say——"

I got no further, for at that moment the girl stated, turned around, and turned upon me a timid, wondering face, that made my heart give a queer throb, and I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"Hush!" she said softly, holding up her hand; and I saw it was thin transparent as if she had been ill.

"My name's Smith," I said, taking out a screwdriver. "My machine; how does it go? Thought I'd come and see."

Her face lit up in a moment, and she came forward eagerly.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, "I can't quite manage this.

She pointed to the thread regulator, and the next minute I was showing her that it was too tight, and somehow, in a gentle timid way, the little witch quite got over me, and I stopped there two hours helping her till her eyes sparkled with delight, as she found out how easily she could now make the needle dart in and out of hard material.

"Do you think you can do it now?" I said.

"Oh, yes, I think so; I am so glad you came."

"So am I," says I gruffly, "it will make it all the easier for you to earn the money, and pay for it."

"And I will work so hard," she said earnestly.

"That you will, my dear," I says in spite of myself, for I felt sure it wasn't me speaking, but something in me. "She been ill long?" I said, nodding towards her mother.

"Months," she said, with the tears starting in her pretty eyes; "but," she added brightly, "I shall earn enough with this to get her good medicines and things she can fancy;" and as I looked at her, something in me said—

"God bless you, my dear! I hope you will," and the next minute I was going down stairs, calling myself a fool.

They thought I didn't know at home, but I did; there was the wife going over and over again to Bennett's place, and all sorts of little nice things were made and taken there. I often used to see them talking about it, but I took no notice; and that artful scoundrel, my boy Luke, used to pay the half crown every week, and out of his own pocket, after going to fetch it from the widow's.

And all the time I told myself I didn't like it, for I could see that Luke was changed, and always thinking of that girl—a girl not half good enough for him. I remembered being poor myself, and I hated poverty, and I used to speak harshly to Luke and the wife, and feel very bitter.

At last came an afternoon when I knew there was something wrong. The wife had gone out directly after dinner, saying she was going to see a sick woman—I knew who it was bless you! and Luke was fidgeting about, not himself; and at last he took his hat and went out.

"They might have confided in me," I said bitterly, but all the time I knew that I wouldn't let them. "They'll be spending money—throwing it away. I know they've spent pounds on them already."

At last I got in such a way that I called down our foreman, left him in charge, and took my hat and went after them.

Everything was very quiet in Bennett's place, for a couple of dirty, dejected-looking women, one of whom was in arrears to me, had sent the children that played in the court right away because of the noise, and were keeping guard so that they should not come back.

I went up stairs softly, and all was very still, only as I got nearer to the room I could hear a bitter wailing cry, and then I opened the door gently and went in.

Luke was there, standing with his head bent by the sewing machine; the wife sat in a chair, and on her knees, with her face buried in the wife's lap, was the poor girl, crying as if her little heart would break; while on the bed, with all the look of pain gone out of her face, lay the widow—gone to meet her husband where pain and sorrow are no more.

I couldn't see very plainly, for there was a mist like before my eyes; but I know Luke flushed up as he took a step forward, as if to protect the girl, and the wife looked at me in a frightened way.

But there was no need, for something that wasn't me spoke, and that in a very gentle way as I stepped forward, raised the girl up, and kissed her pretty face before laying her little helpless head upon my shoulder, and smoothing her soft, brown hair.

"Mother," says that something from within me, "I think there's room in the nest at home for this poor, forsaken little bird. Luke, my boy, will you go and fetch a cab? Mother will see to what wants doing here."

My boy gave a sob as he caught my hand in his, and the next moment he did what he had not done for years—kissed me on the cheek—before running out of the room, leaving me with my darling nestling in my breast.

I said "my darling." for she has been the sunshine of our home ever since—a pale, wintery sunshine while the sorrow was fresh, but spring and summer now.

Why, bless her! look at her. I've felt ashamed sometimes to think that she, a lady by birth, should come down to such a life, making me—well, no, it's us now, for Luke's partner—no end of money by her clever ways. But she's happy, thinking her husband that is to be the finest fellow under the sun; and let me tell you there's many a gentleman not so well off as my boy will be, even if the money has all come out of a queer trade.—*George Manville Fenn, in Cassell's Magazine.*

Lost Sheep.

Some of our city divines who have been taking their vacation in the rural districts, where the humming of birds and the bleating of lambs are heard rather than the clanging of street-car bells and the noise of the pavements, will appreciate the following bit that comes to us by late steamer from England:

A curious incident occurred in a large and well-attended church in Clifton on Sunday evening. The preacher's subject was the "Lost Sheep," and during the sermon it so happened that a real live "lost sheep" strayed from Durdham Down, close by, and got itself entangled in the iron railings that surround the church. Thus it was that as the preacher made allusion to the "lost sheep" of the parable, the real live sheep at the church door answered, "Bah!" in a very loud but piteous tone. "Which of you," said the preacher, "having an hundred sheep—" "Bah! bah!" replied the woolly captive outside. The audience, as it must be at once perceived, were placed in a position of considerable embarrassment, not to mention the poor preacher, especially when he continued, "For I have found the sheep;" and the creature at the door replied, still louder, "Bah! bah! bah!" The audience struggled hard, and the preacher also. They managed *not* to roar, and *he* just escaped (by the skin of his teeth) breaking down.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for September.*

How a Girl Helps to Clean House.

She is perfectly willing to help. She tells her mother she would as lief stay home a week as not, and informs her teacher, with a triumphant air, that she has to stay at home next week to help clean house.

The carpets are to be taken up first, and that girl, delicately reared though she be, bravely sits down in the middle of the floor and reads a paper while her mother and the hired girl take out the tacks and make frantic efforts to use the same form of common prayer that the head of the house uses when his boots do not come on easily in the morning.

The carpet is rolled up and taken out into the back yard and hung on the clothes line to be dusted. Now the girl comes out strong and shows the latent energy that is in her. She seizes an old broom and starts towards the swinging carpet with an air of determination. On her way she spies her friend Kate passing and goes off to the side fence to talk about an hour and a half about—well, about whatever girls find to talk about under the same circumstances. Then she goes into the house and eats her dinner, and complains of being tired.

In the afternoon she begins dusting and arranging the books in the book case. She finds, pretty soon, one of Ouida's novels, and sits down on the floor to read, while the ink, from a bottle she knocks over when she throws her duster on the table, runs all over the parlor curtains stuffed under a chair near by. Her mother finds her there, and sends her into the parlor to gather up her music ready for to-morrow's campaign. She gets along well enough with her finger exercises and marches, but presently she comes across "Don't be angry with me, Darling," that Robert gave her last week, and begins to hum it. She opens the piano to find the key-note, to be certain she can take the high note nicely, and begins to sing. It don't sound well without the accompaniment that Robert thought was so sweet, so she sits down and begins to play. While she is practicing Robert comes along. He hears her. He stops. He enters. She stops. He wants to hear that sweet song. Came in only for that. She is too hoarse. She couldn't think of singing with her hair tied up in a towel, but she does.

Robert sighs as the song ends, and she proposes a game of croquet. They go out and play croquet till tea-time.—*Terre Haute Free Press.*

The Bean.

Next to bred and butter, beans hev been called bi the poets, and philosophers the staff and stamina of life.

The bean iz all food, thare iz no more waste in in, than thare iz in a haff-pint ov kold water when a man iz dry.

Next to rice the bean haz more vittles in it, in the smallest compass, ov any plant that grows.

Beans are all colors and most shapes, flatt, round, square and 3-cornered are principal shapes.

Beans aregreatswells—a quart ov them put into a pot, and biled for 3 hours will mezzure a gallon when they come out, this makes them a better paying dividend seed than enything we eat.

Beans are az old az Esau, he sold out for bean porrige.

The bean will keep in almost eny klimate, and will last, if kept dry, az long az a lead bullet.

Beans gro setting down in a hill, and klimbing, but they do the best on the klimb.

There ain't but fu things that kan beat a bean klimbing a pole, they kan stik tighter to it than a monkey kan.

I luv beans, but don't hanker for them, I am conservative on the bean question; I could liv on them if i waz obliged to; and if i was obliged to i could manage to live without them.

But beans and me will never quarrell.

Baked beans are a royal dish in New England, and not to have a platter ov them for Sunday's dinner, iz lookt upon thare as allmost breaking the Sabbath Day.

One ov the old blue laws ov Massachusetts was, "thou shalt eat beans on Sunday."

I kan remember now ov eating baked beans and rhy bread every Sunday when I waz a boy, and loving it bekause i felt obliged to.—*Josh Billings,*

The Value of Food.

It may be interesting to know that the best animal food is the flesh of the sheep, and the best vegetable that of wheat. We have reason to believe that under Divine instruction, these were both cultivated by the first human family, and we cannot doubt that their cultivation is still essential to civilization. The variety and proportion of the ingredients in a pound of wheaten flour will give us a clear idea of the value of wheat as food: Water, 2 ounces, 106 grains; gluten, 2 ounces, 21 grains; albumen, 126 grains; starch, 9 ounces, 242 grains; sugar, 385 grains; gum, 119 grains; fat, 84 grains; fiber, 119 grains; ashes (salts), 112 grains. These are exactly suited to furnish what is wanted to sustain the human body in health and vigor. Wheaten bread then may be called the "staff of life;" and ought to remind us of Him who is indeed "the Bread of Life," and gave himself to be the life of the world.—*G. Moore, M. D.*

English Grammar.

Richard Grant White writes as follows: The best English that I have ever read or heard, came from men and women who cared as little, and, not improbably, knew as little about English grammar, so called, as they did about the Rosicrucian mysteries. Those who from childhood have read the best authors and talked with the most cultivated people will speak good English—if they have the capacity of speaking it; and if they have not that capacity, they cannot do it if they sit upon a pyramid of grammars. And as to rules, they are passing away as a means of teaching "the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly." Those that were formerly held to be absolute have been found in many cases unsound, illogical, absurd and in all cases quite useless as the means of instruction. With them, parsing will disappear. I do not hesitate to say that before another generation of teachers takes the field, parsing will have been dropped from the course of study forever.

Ready for Her.

The other day a Detroit mother poured some ink on the pantry shelf near the sugar box and went up stairs, leaving her small son playing with the cat. When she came down the boy sat by the window wearing an innocent, placid look, but there ink stains on his fingers.

"There! you've been at the sugar!" she exclaimed as she seized him by the collar.

"Mother, do you think I'd steal sugar?"

"What made 'em?"

"Those stains, mother?"

"Yes, those stains."

"Well, I cannot tell a bold lie, mother. I think I've commenced to mortify."

She wasn't quite sure, and he was allowed to go out and play circus.

☞ If you are at church of a Sunday evening in August, without a fan, cast about your eye until it lights on an engaged couple, and, when you see how close they snug up together, you will lose in a great degree a sense of the heat.

Singer as an Actor.

Celia Logan tells the following story: Many years ago, in what may be called the earliest days of the theatrical profession in the United States, Cornelius A. Logan was the manager of a company of strolling actors,

They traveled from village to village in a large wagon which held the actors, their wives and children, "props," and scenery. They foraged along the country roads, and slept in the wagon, and on the grass when they could get no other shelter. They traveled only in summer, and made merry over the fortunes of war. This included at various times, Edwin Forrest, "Gus" Adams, Joe Jefferson, Barney Williams, Mrs. John Drew, Eliza Logan, Mrs. Burke, mother of Jefferson, a Scotchman, who is now editor of one of the leading newspapers in California, and a poor utility man, the subject of this article, by name Isaac Merritt Singer, the inventor of the sewing machine.

He, in common with his wife, never got beyond what is technically known as "little bits." My father and Singer were one day sitting together, my mother near by, very busy making over a dress, with a baby on her knee, and a playbook on the table beside her.

The poor utility man observed her for awhile, and then said he never saw a woman sewing without thinking what a boon it would be to the sex if something could be invented to relieve them of the labor; that he had long had an idea in his head as to how it could be done. This remark led to conversation on the subject, and to Singer's explaining his invention, which, discouraged, he had given up. My father urged him to persevere, and fired with new hope, he took heart and went to work again. So great was his preoccupation that he was never perfect in a part after that.

Like all inventors he was looked upon as half crazy, particularly when he was caught slipping a spool from a lady's work basket into his pocket, or furtively plucking the hairs out of an actor's wig. Arkwright himself was never put to greater shifts to obtain material to work with. Singer first set up a model of a machine to be worked with one foot only, but there was some trouble about the treadle, and he abandoned that; but he was fully determined to persevere, and he left the company to give his whole time to experiments.

As these events transpired in the early days of 1830, Howe, whose patent was not obtained till towards 1850, can hardly claim priority of idea. It is very probable that, had the poor utility man possessed the means to perfect his ideas when he conceived them, he would have now the undisputed title of inventor of the sewing machine.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway.

☞ One of Theodore Parker's prayers: We thank thee for those newly born into the world, bringing the fragrance of heaven in the infant's breath; and if we dare not thank thee when our dear ones are born out of this world and are clothed with immortality, yet we thank thee that the eye of our faith can follow them still to that land where all tears are wiped from every eye and the only change is from glory to glory.

"William," observed a Danbury woman to her husband, "Mrs. Holcomb feels pretty badly since the loss of her child, and I wish you would drop over there and see her. You might say that all flesh is grass—that we've all got to go the same way; and see if she is going to use her dripping-pan this afternoon. —*Danbury News.*

A minister of West Anstruther appealed to Sir Robert Anstruther, who was an extensive landowner in that parish, to assist in placing a stove in the church, which he said the congregation found very cold. "Cauld, cauld!" Sir Robert exclaimed. "Then warm them with your doctrine, sir. John Knox never asked for a stove in his kirk."

A young lady teacher in a Sunday School in Yonkers, the other Sunday, caught a boy smiling, and asked, "What are you smiling at? "Nothing," was the answer. "I know better," said the teacher, severely. "Now tell me what it is." Johnny looked frightened as he mutteringly said, "I—I—s-ee yer newspaper a s-s-stickin' out, mum." The teacher sat down suddenly and arranged things.

Dr. Allen, of Philadelphia, was preaching one day in Tennessee to the freedmen, when an old colored brother came up to him after the sermon, and said: "I like to hear you preach, for I understand your preaching." "I am very glad of it," replied the Doctor. "But I understand every word you say." "I hope so; I try to make myself understood." Again the old African came to the charge. "Yes," he said, "I understand you jes as well as if you was a nigger." Dr. Allen acknowledged the compliment.

The following anecdote is told of John Philpot Curran. In his last illness he was restless, and unable to sleep. His physician gave him a strong sleeping draught, and after he had taken it, said to him, "There, Mr. Curran, now you will sleep like a top." "Ah," said Curran, "I know, just as usual—keep on turning round and round."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year,	$1.50
Clubs of ten,	1.25
If not paid within six months,	$2.50

These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

☞ Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER SYLE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 y.
1 inch,	$0 75	$1 25	$1 50	$3 50	$6 00	$10 00
2 inches,	1 25	2 00	3 00	5 25	9 00	15 00
¼ column,	3 00	5 00	6 00	12 00	14 00	20 00
½ column,	5 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00
1 column,	8 00	12 00	14 00	20 00	40 00	75 00

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 12, 1875.

In a Railway Car.

Traveling one afternoon on a very slow railroad, a gentleman in the seat behind us addressed us an inquiry. Perceiving that we were still buried in our paper, he leaned over and repeated the question. We felt the warm breath on our cheek and turned askance. He spoke again and, bless his lips, we could read "When are we going to get to I——?" About four o'clock, we carelessly replied, and took up our paper again, and he resumed his.

It was a fortunate escape. We do not particularly care to have each one of our fellow travelers before and behind know that we are deaf, although we cannot object much when the information gets out in an agreeable way. But to have a man thunder away behind you, and you in blissful ignorance of what is up, with half the car staring your way, isn't exactly the thing. For this reason we are rather partial to back seats, and feel a degree of security in one, only equalled by the pleasure coming from the ability to gracefully and tranquilly own up that we are deaf, when some one in front turns around and asks what his heavy moustached lips forever prevents us from understanding.

We have no doubt that we have frequently been considered as outrageously impolite, and the failure to answer a civil, important question may have given rise to no end of heavy swearing. This we regret, of course, but don't see how we can help it. We can't go around labelled all over "I am deaf," and, moreover, we won't; persons having communications to make from behind, must take their chances.

There is a good deal of pleasure and of mortification in getting out into the world and taking a good look. One meets folks with all sorts of faces, and with lips well adapted to catch words from—being round, expressive and clear. Others may have lips with equal virtues, but alas! they are jealously hidden from sight by thick and bushy growths of beard and moustache. Then we meet with others that don't seem to have any lips, at least when they speak nothing external moves, and the most accomplished pupil of "Visible Speech" could not make head or tail of the utterance.

After all lip-reading is for the most part guess work, and since Yankees are proverbial good guessers, we probably have here the explanation why the practice is so popular in New England. We have not the slightest objection to lip-reading, we concede it to be a valuable accomplishment; but unwise is he who sets himself up for a lip-reader without the accompanying power of guess work. But instantaneous guessing will not at all times suffice. A little strategem will never come amiss. If we enter a store and hold a colloquy with the clerk about an article of merchandise, we need to so frame our questions that the answers will be pretty much as we expect. Any little deviation, we can very well pass over. But it's an uncertain business any how, and two chances out of three we will have pull out pencil and paper, and humbly confess our lack of hearing and scribble forth our desires.

"I Want In."

Some time ago the *"Silent World"* questioned the expression *"I want in,"* found in one of the excellent books by Mr. J. Scott Hutton, of Halifax, N. S., and Mr. Hutton came out with a defence of it, as being simple and clear. He failed, however, to convince us that it was good English.

The following, which we take from the *N. Y. Tribune* of August 6th, shows that the phrase is good *Scotch*; and Mr. Hutton being a loyal Scot, that doubtless is reason enough for him to consider it good English—or even better!

Since writing the above, we have shown it to our friend, Hon. H. C. Hickok, Chief Clerk of the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia, and formerly State Superintendent of Common Schools in Pennsylvania—a gentleman of high authority on educational matters. He remarks, "It is good Pennsylvania English; I have never heard it questioned before." So if Mr. Hutton comes down to the Centennial, as we certainly hope he will, he will meet with fellow-sinners to keep him company. But as Mr. Hickok adds that "It's me" and "I seen" are also good Pennsylvania English, we must be allowed to doubt still. We have, however, discovered a reason why Mr. Hutton's books should be more extensively used in the United States, or at least in Pennsylvania.

H. W. S.

A number of odd Central Pennsylvania idioms not long ago printed in *The Nation* included this, before unknown to that journal: "The dog wants in (or out)." The expression has been discovered to be of Scotch parentage, and an Englishman relates the following story as founded upon it: The course of justice is calmly ambling through an Edinburgh law court when the Judge hears a disturbance. "Usher! Usher!" shouts the bewigged authority, "what's that noise?" "It's a mon, me lorrd," says Master Usher, "he's oot, and he's wantin' in." "Very well, let him in," and the intruder gets a seat in the hall. By-and-by another tramping is audible. "Usher! Usher! what's the matter now?" "It's the mon, me lorrd," answers the unhappy official. "He's doon aud he's wantin' up." The Judge is provoked but still calm. "Show him up." Silence for a little, then a rustling in the gallery. "Usher, what's going on now?" "Please, me lorrd, it's just the mon, he's up and he's wantin' doon." "Show him down," answers the exasperated Judge, who manages to remain quiet until ten minutes after a fresh commotion is caused by "the mon who was in and wantin' oot," and he cries, "Let him out, and, what is more, keep him out!"

Personal.

Mr. A. W. MANN, late a teacher in the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, at Flint—he was a teacher there for eight years—has lately severed his connection with the Institute and has been licensed by Bishop McCoskry as a missionary among the deaf-mutes in this State, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana. Mr. Mann has already entered upon his labors, as will be seen elsewhere, and most successfully, too. He is thoroughly imbued with a spirit for labor, knowing as he does how urgent is the need of labor in that field. He is in the city visiting his wife's relatives and arranging for the beginning of a mission here. He will conduct religious services for the deaf-mutes of this city and vicinity in St. Mark's Church chapel next Sunday evening. To him is the Eagle indebted largely for the material facts given in the article elsewhere on the work and its history, which will be read with great interest by all. It is to be hoped some of our wealthy citizens will see that the work ought to go on, and will encourage it with their money as well as their countenance.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle.*

Mr. THOMAS J. TRIST, a teacher in the Pennsylvania Institution and formerly a class-mate of the editor of the JOURNAL in the High Class of the New York Institution, has been for the few weeks past and is still sojourning at Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Maine. He picks his teeth at the same hotel where Mr. F. A. SPOFFORD, for many years a teacher in the New York and latterly in the Ohio Institution, is staying. The numerous friends of these two gentlemen would be most happy to meet them at the Watertown Convention.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY
HENRY WINTER SYLE.

The London Articulation Day School.

BY A VISITOR.

(From the London Daily News, July 10, 1875.)

The public examination of a selected number of children is not always a test of their actual proficiency. It was a kind act of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster the other day to throw open Grosvenor House to be used as the temporary examination hall of the pupils taught by the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, and I can answer for the delight and edification of the visitors at what they saw and heard on that occasion. But a system must be judged by its ordinary operation; and I resolved to present myself at the school, 12 Fitzroy-square, and see it for myself, in its every-day dress. To this course I found no objection whatever; inspection, on the contrary, was eagerly invited, and Mr. Van Praagh, who has introduced the system of oral instruction into the country, courteously led the way to the first floor, where the school rooms are situated. The general preconceived notion of an assembly of deaf and dumb children is that of a company of sad looking silent little folks, whose infirmities are written in lines of premature melancholy upon their countenances. But before reaching the school-rooms sounds of happy laughter and lively movement were heard, more nearly resembling those of an ordinary day school than an establishment maintained for those for whom hearing has been denied. The fifty boys and girls present were not being actually taught at the time, and their merry, intelligent countenance, their warm look of welcome towards their benefactor, and their generally healthy appearance told volumes in their favor. The vulgar error that the deaf are born dumb is one which a slight acquaintance with the literature of the subject corrects. The method of teaching adopted by Mr. Van Praagh, goes back to the fifteenth century, and the history of it may be read in Sir William Hamilton's Essay on Dalgarno. There is no such affliction as dumbness. A child is dumb because, being deaf, it is unable to imitate the speech of others, or because, lacking reason, the sounds heard cannot reach the ear of the mind. "Therefore," he says, "we make the eye perform the duty ordinarily done by the ear." This, then, is the pith of the matter: the pupils at the Deaf and Dumb School in Fitzroy-square are, by following the motions of the lips, taught to comprehend, or, if I may so put it, to *hear* with the eye, the language addressed to them.

The children on our entering the room seemed to anticipate that something would be required of them; this accounted for their sharp watching of my conductor's lips. "Tom," he said, and swift as a dart Tom, a bright-eyed lad, came forward with a smile for orders. Yet Tom, as the saying goes, is as deaf as a post, and likely, poor boy, ever to remain so. Mr. Van Praagh mentioned a certain article which he wanted, mentioned also the room on the lower floor, and the particular table where it might be found; and Tom at once read off the lip motions, and by the prompt manner in which he fulfilled the errand, proved how accurately he interpreted the instructions of the master. That this was no exceptional example, and that the system brings the understanding into full play—not an unimportant consideration, it must be remembered—there was during the rest of my visit ample proof. Emulation, such as can only exist in a well-conducted day school, wonderfully assists the children, and every new step of progress teaches them that there is no need of despair. Mr. Van Praagh first called out of the throng a number of very young deaf-mutes, who represented the rough material, for though on their discharge 99 per cent. of the pupils are made to speak (more or less), they are absolutely speechless when brought to the school. To begin with, the children are taught to pronounce the five vowels, and these were uttered by two or three of the most forward, who had been longest in the set, the tiny creatures watching the master's lips with an absorbingly earnest gaze, and flushing with triumph when the vowels had been successfully achieved. A blue-eyed child, a new arrival, five years of age, tried hard to be heard; he opened his little mouth like a bird trying to pipe, but, alas! there was no sound. He had learned the position of the lips; but the faculty of vocalization can only come by further practice. "Face," said Mr. Praagh to a small urchin in knickerbockers, who a month since had never broken silence; and "Face," immediately, with an odd but clear pronunciation, responded the child, who had watched the teacher's lips, while two or three others, who had watched likewise, touched their cheeks to show that they too had comprehended both the word and its meaning. "Write it down," was Mr. Van Praagh's next remark, spoken with a decided opening of the lips, but otherwise in the ordinary method of conversation; and the child upon this seized a piece of chalk and upon the black board traced the correct letters. A second batch consisted of older pupils, and they were able to comprehend sentences and respond to them, some in wonderfully articulate, others in more labored speech. To many questions which I myself asked, ready replies were forthcoming, although the movements of a stranger's lips must be a severe test. "Do you love mamma?" I asked one, from whom in a moment came a "Yes," spoken as well as smiled. Easy arithmetical questions in addition and subtraction I could also manage successfully with the brightest of the class, and when I said a final "Good bye," they all repeated the words, and nodded brightly as they turned away to give place to the biggest boys and girls. From them longer answers were received, and a lady teacher summoned by Mr. Van Praagh (who trains teachers as well as pupils), was as successful as himself; though it is evident the director of the school has the happy gift of enlisting his pupils' affections in an especial manner. Showing a disused Chalk Farm railway ticket to one of the boys, he, without hesitasion, read the name of the station aloud. Here then was a proof of the truly wonderful result achieved, compared to those narrated by Rodolphus Agrippa and Sir Kenelm Digby centuries ago—a lad who was three years since mourned by his friends as incurably dumb, was able to ask for a ticket to a given place, to read from the lips of another, speaking at average speed to him, a question touching the locality, and to explain, so as to be understood, that he had not heard of it before. These are a few examples of the Deaf and Dumb Day School, 12, Fitzroy-square, as I saw it on Wednesday, and as your readers may see it on any Wodnesday afternoon at three o'clock.

The school is conducted by an Association of which Lord Granville is president, and which owes its origin to the benevolence of the Baroness Mayer de Rothschild. Some of the children, I might mention, had that morning been with Mr. Van Praagh to visit the Baroness' yacht at Blackwell, and from the boys I received, in answer to questions, information respecting the ships nnd the dogs. Such information was necessarily fragmentary, for the pupils have been living a new life since their admission to the school, and it is not difficult to imagine that to many of them the world is only beginning to unfold itself. The baroness had previously founded the Jews Deaf and Dumb Home, where Mr. Van Praagh for the first time taught the art of lip-reading. Conferences at her house, and other means, resulted in the establishment of an Association, and of the school which I have just visited, a school whose objects surely must commend themselves to all who feel for the sufferings and misfortunes of others.—Yet an inexplicable lack of public support must be confessed. However high the fees may be, and there are some pupils whose parents are well able to pay them, the expenses of the school forbid its becoming self-supporting. The names of the President, Vice-Presidents, and Committee are a guarantee anywhere of the good faith of the Society; the invaluable results of the tuition given are acknowledged with surprise and admiration, by all who witness them; but cheques which are in these cases better than praise, are not forthcoming to Sir John Lubbock, who, as treasurer, is ready to receive them, and hard cash, which sometimes lasts longer and goes further than admiration, falls not into the Association's coffers. The school, opened three years ago with three girls and one boy, now musters twenty-six boys and twenty-four girls; but the house in Fitzroy-square is not large enough for the members that might be admitted. Is it not too much to believe that an association of this kind will ask in vain for the means to build a properly appointed school, which shall be national in its range, and in every way worthy of the beneficent work it has set on foot?

HIP! HIP!!

HURRAH!!!

FOR THE

Watertown Convention.

This, to many of our readers, will be the last issue that they will receive till after the Convention of the

Empire State Deaf-Mute Association.

The Convention will "hold forth" in

WASHINGTON HALL!

A very commodious and appropriate place in the heart of the

Beautiful, Attractive, and Far-Famed City of Watertown,

Situated on the Black River, and accessible by the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg R. R., and also by the Utica and Black River R. R.

We call attention to the following programme of arrangements for the Convention, which will be held from August 25th to August 27th, both days inclusive.

First Day:

The first day will be nearly or entirely occupied by the delivery of an address by
His Honor, BRADLEY WINSLOW, Mayor of the City of Watertown,
The PRESIDENT'S Biennial Address,
Oration by MR. F. L. SELINEY, of Aurora, N. Y.,
Lecture on Marriage by the REV. DR. THOMAS GALLAUDET, Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York, and
Reports of the Treasurer and Secretary of the Society.

In the evening the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet will hold a service for deaf-mutes, in Trinity Church, in sign language, which will be interpreted for the benefit of hearing persons, who are very cordially invited to attend.

Second Day:

A Grand Excursion

Will take place the 2d day by cars and Steamer

TO

Brockville, Ont.

The deaf-mutes and their friends who go on this trip will leave Watertown by railroad at eight A. M., Thursday morning, the 26th, and upon arriving at Cape Vincent, will embark on board the

STEAMER MAUD

For Brockville, over 100 miles distant from Watertown. The Maud which is chartered for the occasion, is one of the safest running steamers that ever danced over the waters of old St. Lawrence River. Every thing has been done and will be done to make this the "star" excursion trip of the season. We expect a great deal of substantial pleasure, besides an immense amount of fine sport, real fun, and merry enjoyment to come out of this trip.

Again we urge all deaf-mutes and their friends who can possibly do so to participate in this Grand Excursion. As before stated we shall get a fine and splendid view of the Thousand Islands and a great deal of magnificent scenery for which the St. Lawrence River is so justly celebrated and world-renowned. It may be years, if ever, before many of us will have another as good an opportunity to make this trip. True, some of us perhaps might chance to take a trip with some of our hearing friends, but that is entirely different from going *en masse*, as it were, by ourselves and enjoying the amusements and society of ourselves. This is too good a chance to lose, therefore let all who can embrace the present opportunity.

Third Day:

The first business of the Convention will be to vote upon and ascertain by ballot who is the handsomest deaf-mute lady present at the Convention. This feature of the programme will elicit a great deal of humor for the amusement of those in attendance.

The following will be the plan adopted:

First, the Convention will vote for candidates. The two ladies who receive the highest numbers of ballots will be considered the regular candidates. The choice then will be between these two, to be determined by ballot. Whichever of the two receives the highest number of votes will be declared the handsomest lady, and shall be entitled to a beautiful prize.

The next thing in order will be the election of officers of the Society for the ensuing two years, and the transaction of such business as may come before the meeting, appropriate and short addresses, speeches, &c. Once more we cordially invite all to come and attend the Convention and join the excursion party.

H. C. RIDER, President.
H. A. RUMRILL, Secretary,

Consanguineous Marriages.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for July Mr. George H. Darwin, a son of the "Origin of Species," discusses consanguineous marriages with the purpose of ascertaining the truth or falsity of the generally received opinion that such marriages result detrimentally to the offspring of them. The conclusion at which he arrives, after a somewhat elaborate examination of statistics, is adverse to the common opinion which has hitherto received the sanction of nearly all the recognized medical authorities. The work of collecting statistics bearing on the subject is obviously a difficult one, the author's main object being to arrive at an approximate estimate of the number of marriages among cousins that take place in England, and use this as the basis of his conclusions:

Of marriages between people of the same name a portion only are those of relatives, and of cousins who intermarry a quarter only have the same name. For example, a man may marry his father's brother's children or his father's sister's children, his mother's brother's children or his mother's children, and of these four classes the first only will have necessarily the same surname as himself. This difficulty and all similar difficulties Mr. Darwin has combated as best he could, and he has in the end obtained statistics on which he thinks dependence may be placed. Armed with these, he has gone to the various asylums and public institutions, in which are kept those patients suffering from diseases supposed to be more distinctly the result of intermarriage.

Full statistics were obtained from the West Riding Asylum for Lunatics and Idiots at Wakefield; the Hatton Asylum, Warwickshire, and the Earlswood Asylum, Surrey, and in these the percentage of the offspring of first cousins was 3.9, and, since the proportion of marriages of first cousins throughout society is 3.4, this result—so far as it goes—shows that such marriages are not unhealthy. Mr. Darwin was unable to collect much trustworthy information in regard to the deaf-mutism supposed to be the frequent result of marriages of first cousins; but so far as his statistics bearing on this question go they give only a negative result, and the same is true in regard to scrofula. The general conclusion is that intermarriages between cousins in whose blood there is no taint are not inimical to the production of offspring who are healthy in mind and body, and that on the score of health there is therefore no valid objection to them, whatever may be said of them for other reasons.

In most Christian countries the regulation of marriage is founded on the ancient Hebrew code whereby none who were within the Levitical degrees of consanguinity could marry. That the early patriarchs married their near relatives without detriment to their offspring is known; and Isaac was the result of such a marriage. The Egyptians and Assyrians of rank also married their sisters, and are not supposed to have been injured thereby. Inbreeding in the case of animals often improves the original stock, so that analogy would lead to the belief that the same would be the case with human beings. Only one or two of the United States prohibit the marriage of first cousins. Georgia once did so, and how that came about is as follows:

Tom Cobb, a brother of the well-known Howell Cobb, was a famous politican in Georgia. He had twenty-one nephews and two beautiful daughters. His repugnance against the marriage of first cousins was so great that, to guard against the easy contingency of his daughters marrying any of his nephews, he got the Legislature to pass a law prohibiting marriage between persons of this degree of relationship. This law, however, was afterwards repealed. It would be strange if all the world had hitherto been wrong on this subject, and Mr. Darwin should have been born to set it right, but much additional evidence must be procured before the question can fairly be decided either way.

Sad Fatality.

A sad accident occurred at Brewerton, Monday. Mr. James Allen, aged 23 years, attempted to cross the bay in a skiff. He hoisted a small sail and when about fifty rods from the shore the boat was struck by a squall. To save the boat from capsizing, Mr. Allen rushed to unship the mast, when the sail came round with the wind, enveloped him in its fold, and the boat upset. Allen was accompanied by a lad 13 years old, who was unable to swim. On finding themselves in the water, and Allen probably still entangled in the sail, he told the lad that he would have to look out for himself, as he could render him no assistance.

After struggling in the water a few moments he sank and was drowned before assistance reached him. After about two hours Mr. Allen's body was recovered and taken to his home. The remains were taken care of by Brewerton lodge I. O. G. T., of which deceased was a member, and by them buried. Mr. Allen was a young man of integrity and good habits. He was to have been married Tuesday to a worthy young lady of Brewerton.—*Phoenix Register.*

☞ The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad is one of the best routes from New York to the Thousand Islands, time only about twelve hours, and close connection with the New York Central railroad.—*Forest and Stream.*

—A county convention of prohibitionists, consisting of three delegates from each town, has been called to meet at Pulaski, Aug. 24th, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for county officers, and transacting such other business as may come before the convention.

Minor Topics.

Just 636 loaded freight cars passed through the Hoosac tunnel last month, and the number is gradually increasing.

Application for space in the American Department of the Centennial Exhibition will not be received after September 1.

The wives of five of the ex-Presidents are living, namely, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Fillmore, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Lincoln, and Mrs. Johnson.

The Republican State Central Committee met on Wednesday and decided to hold the State Convention at Saratoga on September 8.

The deposits in the savings banks of the country amount to about $1,000,000,000, of which one-fourth are in the banks of Massachusetts.

Efforts have again been made to induce Mr. John Bright to come to this country and lecture. He was offered a blank check to fill up with any sum he pleased, if [he] would come, but he declined.

The taxes on $100 worth of property in New York are six times as high now as they were fifty years ago, and the tax per head has risen from $2.33 to $32.31, or fourteen fold.

A dependent old man in New Orleans, upon hearing his son say that work was scarce and poorly paid, went out of the house and shot himself, so as to remove one burden.

The great mortality of young children in Chicago has led to the formation of the Floating Hospital Association, which has chartered the propeller "Lake Breeze," which will make four trips a week with companies of sickly infants, accompanied by their mothers and nurses.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, has sold the right of succession to the throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, of which he is heir apparent, to the German Government for an annuity of £80,000 sterling.

The late Dr. Scudder of India, when he was endeavoring to excite an interest in the missionary cause among the children of America, received the following note from a little girl: "My dear Dr. Scudder, I send you 10 cents. When you want any more money, write to me."

At the unvailing of the Baxter statue at Kidderminster, England, a number of relics of the great Puritan were shown, among which were many of his sermons. The most interesting of these was the "Farewell Sermon, which he was forbidden to preach. It was first printed in 1683.

In 1862–3, 5,494 Chinese immigrants arrived in San Francisco; last year the whole number was 15,807. The whole number who have arrived during these thirteen years is 113,074. There is reason to believe that the immigration this year will be larger than ever, and that it will be largely from the lowest classes.

The whole number of locomotives in the word is estimated at fifty thousand, of which nearly fifteen thousand are in the United States, and nearly eleven thousand in Great Britain. The aggregate horse-power is estimated at ten millions, and all the engines in use—locomotive, marine and stationary— are supposed to aggregate fourteen millions horse-power.

Mr. Sankey, the fellow-laborer of Mr. Moody, in a letter inclosing a fine photograph of Queen Victoria and her grandchildren, says: "The little folks are just such shy looking youngsters as we have by millions in our Sunday schools, and their grandmother just such a pleasant, womanly body as we see every Sabbath in the Amen corner of our Methodist churches in America."

A piece of timber sixteen feet long and twenty-one feet in diameter is to be taken out of the "Gen. Lee," one of the big trees in Tulare county, California, and prepared for the Centennial Exhibition. The heart will be taken out, leaving about a foot of the body of the tree attached to the bark. It will have to be divided into eight parts, the whole of which will weigh between 30,000 and 40,000 pounds. The tree from which it was taken was 275 feet high, and contained over 200,000 feet of lumber, besides about 200 cords of wood.

Oswego County Assessment.

State Assessors Fowler, Hadley and Briggs met the supervisors and assessors of the several towns yesterday, at the Court House, and made inquiries as to assessments of this and last year.

The assessors reported as follows:

Hannibal is assessed two-fifths of full value.

Hastings one-third on real estate; 40 per cent. on personal; farming stock not assessed.

Mexico, New Haven, Orwell, Albion, Amboy, Boylston and Granby are assessed one-third of the full value, cash price, on real and personal estate.

Oswego Town is assessed full value this year; last year 50 per cent.

Palermo is assessed 40 per cent. this year; last year one-third; farm stock assessed last year but not this.

Parish and Redfield are assessed one-third. While both exempt farming stock, the latter assess parsonages.

Richland assesses real estate 40 per cent., personal one-third and parsonages.

Sandy Creek assesses real and personal estate one-third, but not the stock of the Oswego County Farmers' Insurance Company.

Schrœppel assesses real and personal one-third; farm stock if the owner is clear of debt, and parsonages.

Scriba assesses real estate one-half, personal one-third, but not farm stock.

Volney assesses real estate 40 per cent., personal 50 per cent., but not farm stock.

West Monroe assesses real and personal one-third, and farm stock; last year assessed 50 per cent.

Oswego city assesses real estate 60 per cent., and personal the same, unless the owner is out of debt, and then full value.

State Assessor Fowler stated that the total assessment of the State this year would be $198,000,000 more than last year. Oswego county, he said, might be increased, but its taxes would not be greater. He called upon the several assessors to obey the law and make the assessments on a full value, no matter what other towns or counties may do. There are two boards for equalization, the supervisors and the State assessors, and towns and counties assessed full value might rest assured of justice being done them. Capital, he said, was not assessed as it should be, the burden of taxation falling upon the poorer kind of property.—*Palladium, Aug. 10.*

Base Ball.

The Resolute club sallied forth on Thursday last, to the village of Parish, to try the skill of the H. D. N. club of that place. The Resolutes were short of their catcher (Myres) and short stop (Sayles), but the places were filled by Webb and Smith.

The game was called at half past one, with the H. D. N.'s at the bat. They made four runs, which was followed by a score of eight by the Resolutes. The Mexico club led through the entire game.

Some of the noticeable features of the game on the part of the Parish club was Rider's clean score, Trowbridge's short-stop catches, Richard's fine running, but Redington's pitching was wild. He did not seem to care where he put his balls, nor how much work he made Van Orden.

The Mexico boys played finely. Harmond handled his men with precision. His swift but well directed underhand throws lessened the score of the H. D. N.'s fearfully. Didier made two home runs. He is one of the hardest batters of Central New York. Barker picked Harmond's balls from below the bat with the ease of Myres. McKay made a fine fly catch. Tully held every fly that came near him. There was but little base-playing—the game seemed between pitcher and catcher. Mr. Robbins, the umpire, was well versed in the rules of the game, and decided with his usual fairness.

After the game, both clubs took supper at the Martin House. Snell got up the supper in his usual generous style. Speeches were made by Hon. H. D. Nutting on behalf of his club, Mr. Geo. Webb on the part of the Resolutes.

The following is the score:

Resolute		runs.	H. D. N.		runs.
Salladin,	2b,	8.	Trowbridge,	ss,	2.
Didier,	c,	6.	Van Orden,	c,	3.
Ballard,	3b,	4.	Rider,	p,	6.
Smith,	rf,	5.	Redington,	lf,	4.
Tully,	cf,	2.	R. Richards,	1b,	1.
Barker,	1b	4.	Edick,	2b,	2.
Webb,	lf,	3.	J. Slayton,	3b,	2.
Harmond,	p,	5.	M. Richards,	rf,	2.
McKay,	ss,	6.	D. Klock,	lf,	2.
		43			24

Scorers—Ludington for H. D. N. Beebe for Resolutes. Umpire—Mr. Robbins, of Mexico. Time, 2:51.

APPRAISERS APPOINTED.—Motions were heard before Judge Hardin in Little Falls, on Friday, in the matter of the application of the Lake Shore Railroad to acquire lands in Oswego to enable it to make the connection with the R. W. & O. Railroad. The application was granted, and W. H. Herrick, Myron Pardee and Peter Lappin were appointed commissioners to make appraisals, except in certain cases in which John Ratigan was substituted for Peter Lappin. J. B. Higgins appeared for the property owners and Charles Rhodes for the Railroad.

A serenade was last month given to the English squadron on its arrival at Venice. The canals were lighted up with Bengal fire in various colors, the shipping illuminated, as also the small boats, filled with the musicians, singers, and citizens, who paraded up and down the Grand Canal. Tenors and soprano sung solo pieces in honor of the occasion, many "God Save the Queen's" were given, and the festive serenade lasted from 9 p. m. till 1 a. m.

New York Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The past week has been one of alternate sunshine and shadow here in South-eastern New York. Not a day has passed without showers of more or less duration. The fast-falling rain-drops were very refreshing to the dry and dusty city streets. Other parts of the country have doubtless been benefitted by frequent showers during the same period.

Far away from the din and tumult of the over-crowded city, where there is always so much bustle and confusion, and within the hollowed precincts of the beautiful, open country, where one can look through Nature up to her God with feelings full of wonder and admiration, I find myself in the quiet village of Clifton, to which I came last Saturday to spend a few days and get a bit of pure, fresh air.

The sail down the bay on Saturday afternoon was very pleasant, there being a strong breeze from the south-west. As the summer twilight deepened and the sky darkened, and night spread its sable mantle over the earth, the bright crimson and golden clouds changed to inky darkness, and the rain came pouring down. The occasional peals of thunder that went rumbling along in mad fury overhead, were so heavy and near that it seemed as though the whole artillery of heaven had been let loose by some unseen force. The next morning's sun effaced all signs of the tempest of the previous night.

The readers of the JOURNAL will be surprised and pained to hear of the death of William Wallace Farnum, who was run over and killed by the cars in Pennsylvania, about two weeks ago. It is supposed that his love for strong drink cost him his life. This reason may not be true, as we have not as yet had any particulars of this unfortunate calamity.

Since last October, Mr. James Lewis, our city missionary, has collected over six hundred dollars for the Building Fund of the National Home. During the month of July he received ninety-eight dollars. There are over one thousand and four hundred dollars in the treasury of the Fund at the present. The committee expects to realize two thousand and five hundred dollars by the end of the autumn and before the spring of 1876, three thousand dollars, with which and a mortgage upon the premises, they may be able to secure a house and grounds in some pretty rural village. All this is not a *reality*, but simply a *possibility*, as we cannot penetrate into the future. Mr. Lewis has been out of the city a large portion of the summer, doing what he could to rear the walls of the new Home. We are glad to learn that he has been so successful. He went to Tompkinsville, Stapleton and Vanderbilt's Landing last Friday, and we hope he was successful.

Mr. Wm. Martin Chamberlain, of Marblehead, Mass., expects to be in Watertown, N. Y., before the 25th inst., and will, of course, address the Convention, as he has some important remarks to make. He is one of our most popular and intelligent semi-mutes.

Mr. Wm. O. Fitzgerald, a clerk in the New York Custom House, is now spending a few weeks of leisure at the house of Mr. Chamberlain, in Marblehead, Mass. We trust he will have all the fishing and boating he wishes, but he must not bring any fish to Wall street for the bears there to fight over, though we do not suppose *bears* love fish.

There are two deaf and dumb maiden sisters living in Newburgh, N. Y., who are in such reduced circumstances that it is quite probable they may in time become inmates of the National Home. They were educated at the New York Institution.

Mr. Edward Cook was not educated in the institution at Canajoharie, but visited the school there when the first husband of Mrs. Totten was one of its teachers. He entered the Pennsylvania Institution in 1820, over half a century ago.

Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet have been on a flying visit to the Catskill Mountains. The doctor was summoned to Washington the last week in July to marry a deaf-mute couple.

The inmates of the Home went to Central Park on Thursday morning, July 29th, taking lunch with them, as they hoped to spend the entire day there, and for once the Home was closed and deserted. But the weather changed and it began to rain so hard that they were obliged to return home in the early part of the afternoon. They had with them an excellent interpreter in the person of Miss Fanny Seymour, who has been connected with the Home since it was opened in 1872. She can use the sign language and the manual alphabet both single and double hand, with as much ease as a deaf-mute.

Two of the inmates of the Home went on a visit to Randall's Island, in charge of Mr. J. R. Jackson and Miss Seymour, on the afternoon of the 6th inst., and all had a nice time.

Mr. Peter Witschief, of Port Jervis, N. Y., was in New York city on a visit t his brother, John, a short time since.

We do not believe the report that Miss Kate Queen, a deaf-mute young lady, is married to a Roman Catholic priest. She had a deaf-mutes sister who died some years ago. Both were pupils of the New York Institution.

We would advise such deaf-mutes as may pass through New York city on their way home from the Watertown Convention, not to forget to visit our beautiful Central Park, which is one of the chief attractions of the metropolis and is well worth seeing as many improvements have been made upon both the buildings and the drives. A sail upon the lake is delightful. There are statues of many celebrated persons along the road leading to the Mall, and another is soon to be added—that of D. O'Connell, the Irish liberator.

L. A. W.

Edgewater, S. I., Aug. 9th, 1875.

The Central New York Institution.

From our own Correspondent.

Since the closing of the term in June, the institution has lost its daily routine of activity. Every pupil returned home as soon as vacation commenced. Residing within a convenient distance, and within easy communication with parents and friends, there has been no call for any to remain and get over ten weeks of dull and dreaay vacation, as best they could. This is one of the advantages of the institution; and there is no couple of dozen or so to look after in the summer, as is the case in the older institutions.

Principal Johnson has been absent for over a month on an extended western tour, but has returned, and with his assistants is busy in making arrangements for the fall term concerning the applicants for admission, of whom there are a large number. An additional building has been leased, and is being fitted up in a gratifying manner.

A new teacher of articulation has been appointed. She is a lady of experience and varied attainments, and is peculiarly qualified for the work. C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., August 9th, 1875.

The Deaf-Mutes.

A CHURCH MISSION FOR THEM HERE.

A Brief History of the Origin of Such Work.

The Gallaudet Family's Labors in Behalf of the Deaf and Dumb.

PROF. A. W. MANN IS TO ATTEND TO SIMILAR WORK IN THE WEST—THE OBJECT OF THE EFFORT—CHANCE TO HELP THE WORTHY CAUSE.

(From the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle.)

Not more than twenty-five years have rolled past since the first effort was made to provide religious instruction for the deaf-mute graduates of the different institutions now plentifully scattered over the broad extent of the Union. The need of this kind of instruction had begun to be felt by those few who were intimately concerned in the education of this class of the community, and by the mutes themselves, but the first to make a move in this work was the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., who formed a Bible class in New York City in 1850. This class originally numbered three persons; but the number increased so rapidly that it soon became a goodly sized congregation. About this time Mr. Gallaudet who had been for seven years a teacher of the New York Institution for the Deaf, resigned, in order to devote his whole time and energies to the new work for which he was naturally fitted by disposition and sympathies. Having received holy orders, he at once began his work in earnest. Overcoming all obstacles the mission work went on until the congregation became the possessors of a church on West Eighteenth Street, known as St. Ann's Church. The membership now numbers nearly 125. The services are now conducted regularly every Sunday in the sign language by the Rector or his assistant who has become versed in the silent language.

Not long after this mission had gone into successful operation, a mission was established at Albany, which was visited occasionally by Dr. Gallaudet. In time a person was found qualified to attend to this mission and assist the Doctor in the formation of other missions, notable those at Rochester and Buffalo. This was the Rev. Thomas B. Berry, who was for several years engaged as a teacher of the deaf and dumb both in England and America. The New England cities were visited by Dr. Gallaudet in the course of time, and addresses made on the claims and importance of this special church work, which had the effect to rouse the attention of all naturally interested in the spiritual welfare of all classes of humanity. Among the mutes themselves a no less deep interest was found concerning the subject which had been agitated among themselves for years. A mission was established at Boston.

At the West the first organized mission was started in the city of Flint, Michigan, outside of and entirely disconnected from the State Institution which is located there. It was only intended for the graduates of the different institutions who are residing in the city. In course of time Jackson was visited and occasional services held afterward. Then came Detroit. It is designed, as far as circumstances will permit, to establish a mission in Grand Rapids, and it is expected to have the first service in St. Mark's Church chapel, and on next Sunday (the 8th of August) in the evening.

THE OBJECT

of the movement is to take up the deaf-mutes where the schools leave them, and provide religious instruction and surround them with such influences as will be beneficial and elevating alike to mind and soul. The number of mutes now in the whole United States is pretty well estimated at 22,000. It will be seen at once that there is a great work to be done in the organization of these missions, and much else besides. The large cities of the West contain numbers of them, notably Chicago, where there now reside at least a hundred. In some of these cities they have organized literary and religious associations among themselves and invited competent persons to deliver lectures and sermons. The difficulty still, as heretofore, is to get such persons to engage permanently in this work and pay them a good salary besides their traveling expenses. This difficulty, it is hoped, will be obviated in the course of time.

SKETCH OF DR. GALLAUDET AND SONS.

It may not be amiss to give a short sketch of Dr. Gallaudet. He was born at Hartford, Conn., at the institution located there, which his father, the Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, founded and conducted for years. This, it must be remembered, was the first school for the deaf and dumb started in America.—Young Gallaudet spent his time with the pupils and acquired that thorough knowledge of their language which amply enables him to conduct the present work. After the usual preparation at an academy he entered Trinity College, Hartford, where he graduated after a full course. Determining to adopt the profession of his father he taught for awhile at Hartford, and then went to the New York Institute, where we find him as we begin the story of the mission work.

It would be interesting, no doubt, to follow him in all the labors, and trials incident to the organization of a new work, but time and space will not allow of a more extended history. It may be well, however, to speak a little further of the connection of the Gallaudet family with the interests of the deaf and dumb. The Elder Gallaudet went to Europe in the year 1816 and became familiar with the sign language, at the Imperial Institute, Paris, thus preparing himself for the work he was about to undertake on the western continent. Returning to America he brought with him Laurent Clerc, an educated mute, who materially assisted him in the organization of the first school already mentioned. This school prospered quietly and the attendance increased. The next institution was founded in New York city, and so on until to-day there are nearly forty in the entire Union alone. As already mentioned the first church mission was organized by one of the sons of the Elder Gallaudet. It remained for another son to become largely identified with the higher education of the deaf and dumb, Edward M. Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL. D., (for such is his name and title) founded the first college for them, where advantages equal to those enjoyed by their more favored brethren were offered. This college is in full tide of prosperity, turning out graduates annually, and conferring degrees the same as other colleges. Over it he still presides, assisted by an able corps of professors.

THE WORK HERE AND IN THE WEST.

As heretofore mentioned, the Mission has been already extended so as to embrace a portion of the west. For the present, and for want of men and means the work will be confined to Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Jackson, Grand Rapids and Flint. As time progresses and persons are found who will willingly devote their time to the work, Missions will be established in every principal city and every endeavor put forth to reach the deaf and dumb, wherever they can be found, and throw around them the influences of the church. Owing to pressure of duties at the east in connection with the work of his own parish, Dr. Gallaudet has been unable for years past to travel and look after the interests of the mission at a distance. But the difficulty is now in a fair way to be obviated in the engagement of two assistants who will attend to the work in his absence. As is now well understood, it is the Doctor's intention hereafter to travel more extensively, for the purpose of organizing and giving force to the work that has thoroughly enlisted the sympathies of his heart. His position in this work is that of General Manager, having received the appointment three years ago.

Thus, from a small beginning has grown a work that promises, with God's blessing, many returns. It has grown steadily through the usual trials, and gained strength in the meanwhile until, as heretofore, it now commends itself to the interest and sympathy of all Christian hearts.

☞ At a meeting of the Orwell Grange, No. 66, held at their rooms August 6th, 1875, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, By a visitation of Providence, sudden and unexpected death which has removed from among the living our worthy and esteemed Brother, Samuel D. Stowell, the community in which he moved has lost a respected and valuable citizen, our Grangers a true and faithful member and a family a beloved and affectionate loving and devoted husband and father, therefore

Resolved, That, while we, in common with our town and the community in large, mourn and lament the untimely death of our worthy and esteemed Bro., Samuel D. Stowell, who walked uprightly while traveling with us in time, we bow with humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That while Orwell Grange, No. 66, accepts with, deepest humility, the chastening dispensation which has called from our midst one whose life illustrated the principles of our order, and heeds the mournful lessons which bids each one of her members to be ready for the mandate which none may disregard.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our deseased Brother our heartfelt sympathy and our services in this their hour of affliction and trial, and as we cannot console with this world's consolations we can nevertheless point them to Him who has promised to be to the afflicted a friend, and who rules the grand harvest of the universe in that order on high where the husband and father have only gone a little before.

Resolved, That this Grange attend the funeral of our deceased Brother, and pay the last sad honors which the living may render to the dead, by consigning the body to the earth from whence it came, ever cherishing his memory in our hearts.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for the memory of our deceased Bro. the Lodge be draped in mourning for sixty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions duly attested under the seal of this Grange be presented to the family of our Bro., and entered upon the minutes of the Lodge.

—Entries for the State Fair close on the 28th of this month.

News of the Week.

The Northern Pacific was sold in New York, Thursday, to a committee of bondholders.

Another Mill River dam burst, Wednesday, impeding travel on the Boston and Albany road.

The Black Hills Indians are demanding compensation for the damage done their country by miners.

Brooklyn has a population of 483,000; 87,000 more than in 1870.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Beach and Engineer Richmond, of the Canal Board of 1869, say the required maps, &c., were before them before the Port Schuyler contract was let.

The American riflemen have sailed for home.

Russia and Prussia will support any pacification measures Austria may adopt towards the Herzegovian insurrection.

The officers of the American fleet in Europe have been cordially received by the German officials, and were entertained at dinner by the Crown Prince and Princess.

Jesse Woodson, an alleged murderer, was hung by a mob at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Thursday.

A falling building killed two persons in New Orleans, Thursday.

The Grange purchasing agency convention will meet at Louisville, October 5.

John Webb was hung at Knoxville, Tenn., for murder, Friday.

Mrs. Wm. P. Millburn perished in a urning house at Freeport, Ill., Friday.

The English Parliament was prorogued, Friday, to October 29.

A policeman named Clark was killed in a fracas at Quebec, Friday.

Moody and Sankey, the revivalists, arrived at New York on Saturday by the steamship Spain.

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered that National bank notes shall be printed on paper similar to the United States note paper.

Three boys were drowned at different times during Sunday at Terre Haute, Ind.

Ross is elected chief of the Cherokees by at least 123 majority.

President Grant was cordially received at the National Sunday School Assembly, at Fairport, on Sunday, and presented with two Bibles.

Col. Valentine Baker, convicted of indecent assault upon a young lady, has been dismissed from the British army.

Drexel, Hajes & Co., Paris, have redeemed $100,000 worth of Duncan, Sherman & Co.'s letters of credit.

William Brany, a boy eight years old, was caught setting fire to a church in New Haven, Ct., Monday afternoon.

Late Japan and China advices state that there is great suffering by reason of the extreme heat, in both countries the thermometer ranging from 100 to 110 degrees.

A number of postmasters in small places have been removed for improper disposition of postage stamps, and unjustly increasing their salaries thereby.

A proposition is on foot to build a summer church for Beecher on the White Mountains.

The government receipts during the fiscal year were $288,000,000, and expenditures $274,624,392.

A steamer boiler explosion at Washington Landing, near Knoxville, Tenn., Saturday, killed four persons.

Commander George W. Morris, who commanded the Cumberland when she was sunk by the Merrimac in Hampton Roads, died at Jordan, Alum Springs, Va., Sunday.

The United States steamship Tennessee, with Rear Admiral Reynolds en-route to command the Asiatic station, has successfully passed through the Suez canal.

A Communist society has been organized in Montreal, whose members write threatening letters to wealthy employers of labor.

Two miners were killed and one fatally injured by a detached car at Scranton, Saturday.

The body of Miss Philpot, drowned last week at the Cave of Winds, Niagara Falls, was rescued on Sunday from the whirlpool.

The express freight train going west of the Indianapolis and St. Louis railroad Saturday night run over a horse near Nokomes, Ill., ditching the engine and several cars and killing engineer, Dennis O'Brien.

A good deal of excitement was occasioned at the county insane asylum, St. Louis, Saturday, over the death of patients from the administration of a sedative mixture. The same preparation had been used before without bad effects, and it is now thought that either an overdose was given to the patients or some unusual article was put into the mixture.

A Black Hills' despatch says the miners passed resolutions complimentary to Gen. Crook, named the place on French creek where they were as Custer City, saying it is one of the richest mining districts in the United States; gave each miner a lot and obey the President's proclamation in leaving under protest. They leave six miners to take charge of their property.

Spotted Tail has gone home and says the miners have damaged the creek $50,000, which amount he will claim from the Government.

Prof. Baird's attempt to send shad spawn to Germany has ended in a failure. Seth Green thinks the cause of the failure is that water loses its vitality after being kept in barrels a number of days.

The arrest of DeWolf in Brooklyn, on Sunday, for passing counterfeit fifty cent stamps, is believed to be very important, as the counterfeit is a very dangerous one, and DeWolf is believed to be the head of a gang whose headquarters are in Philadelphia.

A letter from the Indian Territory states that a steamer laden with annuity goods for Indians was stopped near Bismark and a lot of Indian flower sold to a trader there although the flour belonged to the Indians.

Some poor orphans in Arkansas have brought suit to recover possession of a little batch of 6,000,000 acres of land lying in that State and Missouri, granted to a direct ancester of theirs in 1793, and since then unwarrantably squatted upon by numerous towns, villages, farmers and railway corporations.

Oliver Wheelwright, aged ten, whose parents reside in Syracuse, was drowned at Terre Haute, Ind., Saturday.

The German Imperial Council is engaged in considering the negotiation of a new extradition treaty with this country.

Spanish conscripts have been ordered to report to their regiments before October 1.

Excursion to the Thousand Islands.

There will be a grand excursion to Alexandria Bay and International Camp Ground, from Pulaski, Richland Station, Sandy Creek and Mannsville, via R. W. & O. Railroad, and the steamer Faxton, Friday, Aug. 20, 1875.

The excursion will leave Pulaski by special train from O. & R. depot, at 7 a. m. (sharp); Richland Station, 7:20; Sandy Creek, 7:35; Mannsville, 7:40; arriving at Cape Vincent at 9:05, where they will find the new and elegant steamer, "F. S. Faxton," waiting, which will take the party down the St. Lawrence River, passing among the Thousand Islands, affording an opportunity of seeing all places of interest on the upper St. Lawrence; also an opportunity of stopping three hours at the celebrated International Camp Ground, which is the subject of so much talk and speculation during the present season, and which is open for picnic parties during the present month. Thence down to Alexandria Bay, stopping one hour, where may be seen the Thousand Island House and the Crossman House, the two largest hotels in Northern New York. These hotels are now crowded with the wealth and fashion of the country.

Do not fail to embrace this, the first and only opportunity of viewing the splendid scenery among the beautiful islands of the noble St. Lawrence.

The Excursion party will return home on the regular evening train.

Excursionists coming from points south of Pulaski or Richland Station will be carried to those places by the Railroad Company at greatly reduced rates, at either of which stations they may join the Excursion train.

The fare for the round trip is $1.75.

☞ The Middletown Argus says: It now looks as if the holders of New York Midland scrip will get one hundred cents on the dollar, and that, too, at an early day. The road is to be sold, and it is said the scrip is to be paid from the proceeds. We advise present holders not to part with it at a sacrifice. Those who have had the pluck to hold it to this time will be well paid to keep it a little longer.

☞ Niagara is the Mecca of lovers, and the newly married, and affords the every day spectacle of a wedding party, or a pair of cooing loves, masquerading in oil-skin suits for a descent behind the cataract. From this descent an unhappy pair did not emerge again, a day or two since, but their hapless fate will not deter other loving pairs, who will the rather be moved by the touching fact that Clotilde went out of this world of woe with John, never to know the pangs of unrequited love, nor sign a bill of divorce.—*Brooklyn Union.*

☞ The latest invention is a cane umbrella. The staff of the umbrella is a tube as large as a cane of fair size, and may be detached from the umbrella, which then is so compactly folded as to slide inside the tube and be entirely hidden. A man has, therefore, an umbrella or a cane at his option. It is an ingenious contrivance.

☞ It is said that water lilies may be raised about one's house by the following method: Sink in the ground the half of an old cask, and cover the bottom with peat and swamp mud, and then fill with water. Dig the lily roots early in the spring, and place them in the earth at bottom of the tub. A gentleman who has tried the experiment has a number of lilies in bloom.—*Scientific American.*

☞ The next annual meeting of the State Temperance Society will be held in the Congregational church at Saratoga Springs, commencing Sept. 1st. Every church, Sunday-school and temperance organization in the State is earnestly and cordially invited to send at least two delegates to attend this convention. Hon. Henry Wilson, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D., and General Neal Dow are expected to attend the sessions and address the meetings.

—The Union service, last Sunday evening, was held in the Presbyterian church, and the attendance was good. The Rev. Mr. Hutchins, pastor of the Baptist church, preached an earnest and practical sermon from Mark 8:35: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his lfe for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

—Miss Mary Alexander, whose death is elsewhere recorded, was a sweet, beautiful girl. Her life was so attractive, her influence so sunny, that all who knew her could but love her; and her demise occasions deep sorrow in many a household. During her protracted illness she was never heard to complain, but meekly and patiently waited for the summons to her heavenly home. Her funeral, which took place at the Methodist church, yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon, was largely attended, the Sabbath School, of which she was a devoted member, being present in a body.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

EVERY DEPARTMENT WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deat represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

Postage Free.

Subscribers for the JOURNAL have no Postage to pay.

We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail. This does not increase the price of the paper; it remains the same

AGENTS.

We want agents in every available locality. Alreliable men acting as our agents will be allowed to retain, as commission, *twenty-five cents* on every subscription they obtain. Those who wish to serve will please communicate with us at once.

TERMS.

One Copy one year, in advance, -	$1 50
Clubs of ten, - - - -	1 25
One copy, six months, in advance, -	75

☞ These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, registered letter.

Address
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co, N.Y.

Facts and Fancies.

Roll-call—the baker's visit.

A bootless task—Putting on one's socks.

Sweets in adversity—A sugar-house failure.

Drinking glass after glass must produce panes in your inside.

The small part of an hour glass is a waist of time.

What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze? Tissue paper.

What horn produces the most discordant music? The drinking horn.

The road to fortune is through printer's ink.—*P. T. Barnum.*

In Natal there are 17,000 colonists and 300,000 Caffres.

Poverty is the test of civility and the touchstone of friendship.—Hazlitt.

A priest has been captured and carried off by eight brigands in Sicily.

Why is a compositor like a cripple? Because he can't get on without a stick.

The poorest coward may avoid shaking in his shoes by wearing boots or going barefoot.

A literary luminary, who lives at Grundy Centre, Iowa, announces that he is now engaged in writing a new Bible.

A murderer in Nevada refused to escape when the jail door was accidentally left open, "because he didn't have a clean shirt to go in."

He was a rural Jenkins. He was bound to be accurate, and he described the woman's costume thus: "She wore an elegant suit of something or other, cut biased and trimmed endwise."

Eustace Love, son of a negro clergyman in Savannah, seized a daughter of a wealthy white citizen in a crowded street, shouted "Hurrah for civil rights!" and kissed her.

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

A doctor's wife tried to move him by tears. "Ah," said he, "tears are useless; I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water."

A young man in Lancaster sent a dollar to a firm in New York who advertised a receipt to prevent bad dreams. He received a small slip of paper, on which was printed, "Don't go to sleep."

If a young man sits up too late with his sweetheart out at Haddonfield, the old folks come into the parlor, and, with a refinement of sarcasm, invite him to wait a few minutes longer and breakfast will be ready.

Little Alice was crying bitterly, and on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," unwisely said the questioner. "Oh, I returned it before," said the little girl.

A tramp who called upon a Danbury woman was shocked to hear in answer to his appeal for food: "No; we've got nothin' for the likes of you. Washington's monument isn't finished yet, and everything we've got to spare must be given to that."

"As to being conflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington, "high living don't bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherited it from his wife's grandmother."

A wife who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated, became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed "Oh, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!" To which the hardened wretch hiccoughed, "'Tain-'tain't no use, old woman, to bo-bore here for water."

There is a remarkable cat living in Whitneyville, Conn., near Lake Whitney. It is seven or eight years of age, and goes a fishing for its meals. It will stand in water up to its thighs and seize small fish and eels. Some of the latter have been twenty inches long. The greatest achievement of this cat was the capture, recently, of a fish weighing three pounds. The animal cornered the fish in shallow water and then pushed it ashore.

Is Your Life Worth 10 Cents?

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now we say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with dyspepsia, liver complaint and its effects, such as indigestion, costiveness, sick headache, sour stomach, heart burn, palpitation of the heart, depressed spirits, biliousness, &c., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your druggist, John C. Taylor, and get a sample bottle for ten cents and try it. Regular size, 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

Valuable Property for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale her house, on Main street, and five acres of land. The land adjoins the house The premises are very pleasantly situated, and contain a number of choice apple and pear trees. The property will be sold cheap.

MARGARET THAYER.

Mexico, Aug. 10, 1875.

☞ For Stoves go to Brooks'.

CONCERT.

A CONCERT OF

Vocal and Instrumental MUSIC,

Will be given in the

Presbyterian Church,

In this village, on

Wednesday, August 11th,

By MISS MARY BROWN and MISS CLARA SCHRAM, Of ADAMS,

Assisted by MRS. PARKER, of Mexico.

The programme embraces Voluntaries on the Organ, and Piano Forte, Solos by Miss Schram and Mrs. Parker, and Solos and Duets by Misses Brown and Schram.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years 15 cts.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Concert to commence at 8.

Veterans Attention.

The Veterans of Oswego County will hold their THIRD ANNUAL

Reunion AND Picnic At Fulton Fair Grounds, Wednesday Aug. 25, '75.

All persons connected with the Army and Navy of the late war and their friends are invited to participate.

THE BATTLE FLAGS Carried by the Oswego County Regiments have been obtained and will be displayed in procession. Every Veteran will be provided with a badge.

ORATION - by COL. FOSTER. And addresses by others.

48th Regiment Band. Fly Casting, Pigeon Shooting, Field Sports, Singing, Dancing and other amusements. A National Salute will be fired on the Ground.

Fare from Oswego and Return 50 cts. Special trains on O. & R. R. R. L. O. S. R. R. and and Midland from Oneida to Fulton and return at reduced rates. All trains run in connection with the D. L. & W. R. R.

GEN. T. SULLIVAN, Pres't.

A. N. BEADLE, Sec'y. 40-3

MERCHANT TAILORING

FOR SUMMER TRADE

I am in DAILY RECEIPT of Everything New and Stylish

As it Appears in New York.

Full lines of the Most Fashionable and Elegant Fabrics

FOR MEN'S WEAR

LATEST STYLES AND BEST ART IN MANUFACTURE.

Reduced Prices.

John Ould,

Cor. West 1st & Bridge Sts.,

OSWEGO, N. Y.

Ladies' Jackets a Specialty.

NOTE—Mr. John Ould will give undivided attention to the business, and will personally supervise the making of every garment. The purpose is not only to maintain the high name and extensive business of the old firm, but to make new friends by variety and excellence of Cloths and other goods, SUPERIORITY OF WORKMANSHIP and REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Oswego, June 22, 1875.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TEAS.—The choicest in the world—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for circular to ROBERT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

FALLEY SEMINARY,

Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Beautiful Grounds. Healthful Location.—Special attention paid to fitting young men and women for business. Rates lower than first-class schools in large cities can afford. Send for circular.

REV. JAMES GILMOUR, A. M., Principal.

N. F. BURNHAM'S TURBINE

Water Wheel

Was selected, 4 years ago, and put to work in the U. S. Patent Office, D. C., and has proved to be the best. 19 sizes made. Prices lower than any other first-class Wheel. Pamphlet free.

Address N. F. BURNHAM, York, Pa.

The Women and Children's Hospital, Boston, SPEAKING OF

Ridge's Food,

Says: "It is so excellent in its effects we don't like to be without it." Each label has the signature of WOOLRICH & Co.

LATEST IMPROVED

HORSE POWERS

GRAIN THRESHING AND WOOD SAWING Machines,

Patented. Manufactured and sold by

A. W. GRAY & SONS, Middletown, Vt.

Parties who wish to purchase machines that have proved to be the best in market, will do well to send for Circulars and Descriptive Price List, which will be forwarded free.

20th Annual Fair!

1875. OF THE 1875.

Oswego County Agricultural Society,

AT

Mexico,

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND THURSDAY,

September 7th, 8th & 9th,

--1875.--

--OVER--$2,100--

In Premiums

Exclusive of Books & Diplomas

2 Brass BANDS

IN ATTENDANCE

Mexico Brass Band on Wednesday, Sept. 8th, 48th Reg't Band on Thursday, Sept. 9th.

Balloon Ascension!

On the afternoon of SEPT. 9th, by Prof. H. H. COLE, of Sandy Creek, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Mr. JAMES VICK

The distinguished Florist of Rochester, N. Y., will display the largest collection of Flowers ever exhibited in Northern New York. Mr. Vick is not a competitor for premiums.

Officers for 1875.

President, COL. ALBERT F. SMITH, Oswego City.

Vice-President, WM. J. MENTER, Mexico.

Treasurer, L. H. CONKLIN, Mexico.

Secretary, HENRY L. BARTON, Mexico.

DIRECTORS:

FIRST CLASS,

HENRY J. DAGGETT, New Haven.

AZARIAH WART, Sandy Creek.

SECOND CLASS,

L. M. TYLER, Pulaski.

ELIHU TROWBRIDGE, Mexico.

THIRD CLASS.

ROMAYNE C. ROBERTSON, Parish.

WASHINGTON T. HENDERSON, Oswego City.

SUPERINTENDENTS:

General Superintendent, S. R. SPOONER, Mexico.

Supt. of Floral Hall, No. 1, VEEDER GREEN.

Supt. of Agricultural Hall, No. 2, S. REMMINGTON.

Supt. of Mechanical Hall, No. 3, L. MILLER.

Supt. of Poultry Hall, No. 4, EDMUND EVERETS.

Supt. of Horses, No. 5, RUFUS CALKINS.

Supt. of Cattle, No. 6, DAVID M. BARTON.

Supt. of Sheep and Swine, No. 7, WILLIAM A. TILLAPAUGH.

Supt. of Honey, Flowers, Fruit, Bread, &c., No. 8, FRANK G. SMITH.

Supt. of Household Manufactures, Paintings and Miscellaneous Articles, No. 9, GEORGE A. PENFIELD.

PROGRAMME:

1st DAY—Entry of articles and animals, and their respective places assigned them. Live stock will not be required to be upon the grounds the first day, the entries being made as above, giving age, breed and number. Exhibitors are requested to forward by mail or meet the Secretary at the Post Office Saturday, Sept. 4th, and make their entries. They are also requested to be prompt in making their entries on the grounds, as the Secretary's books will be closed on Tuesday at precisely 5 o'clock P. M., except for speed and action, which will close sharp at 10 A. M., Thursday.

2d DAY—The grounds will open at 8 o'clock A. M. All articles and animals must be in their places before 10 A. M., at which time the judges will commence their examinations. At 1 o'clock P. M., examination in the ring of breeding-mares 1 and 2 year old colts, jacks and mules. At 1:30 single horses and three year old colts; 2:00 matched horses and 4 year olds; 2:30 stallions. At 3:00 fastest pair of trotting horses owned by one person, 1st prize, $20; 2d, $15.

3d DAY—At 10:30 o'clock A. M., fast trotting stallions in harness, 1st prize, $25; 2d, $15. At 10:30 o'clock, A. M., fast trotting horse that has never beaten 3 minutes, first prize, $25; second, $15. At 1:30 o'clock to the lady exhibiting the best horsemanship in driving double team, first prize $9, second, $6. Races to be intermediate heats. At 1:30 o'clock to the lady exhibiting the best horsemanship in driving a single horse, 1st prize, $6; 2d, $4. Ladies driving must make their entries at the Secretary's office previous to 12 o'clock Wednesday noon. At 2:00 o'clock P. M., sweepstakes, 1st prize, $50; 2d, $30. Races to be intermediate heats. At 3:00 o'clock P. M., premiums declared; 3:30 premiums paid. All orders for premiums remaining unpaid will be found at the Secretary's residence near the Fair Grounds.

CONDITIONS: All horses competing in the above races must have been owned in the county at least 90 days prior to the fair. The races are to be mile heats in harness, best 3 in five; double team, best 2 in three. In all the races 3 entries to be made and 2 to start. Ten per cent. must accompany the entry in all the above races. Stallion race open to all horses in the State.

Visitors to the Fair will be carried on the Oswego & Rome, Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg RR., Oswego County, each way, for one-half the regular fare, from all points in Oswego County, and goods and other property destined for the Fair, will be charged the regular rate one way. Goods destined for the Fair may be consigned to L. H. Conklin, Treasurer, Mexico. A special train will leave Mexico at 6 P. M., for Oswego on the 8th and 9th.

ADMISSION:

Any person may become a member by the payment of One Dollar to the Treasurer, which will admit him and one lady and his carriage at all times during the Fair. Single tickets of admission 25 cents. The single tickets will be taken up at the gate. All exhibitors must become members of the Society. Editors, Presidents, Secretaries and Delegates of County and Town Agricultural Societies, and Judges from other counties are invited to attend, and are requested to report themselves at the Treasurer's office. For particulars see pamphlets which may be had of the Secretary at Mexico, L. H. Conklin, Treasurer, Mexico, or A. F. Smith, President, Oswego.

ALBERT F. SMITH, Pres't.

HENRY L. BARTON, Sec'y.

A New Idea!

A

WILSON

SHUTTLE

Sewing Machine

FOR

50 Dollars!!

FARMERS, MERCHANTS, MECHANICS, AND EVERYBODY

Buy the World-Renowned

WILSON Shuttle Sewing Machine!

THE

BEST IN THE WORLD!

☞ The Highest Premium was awarded to it at

VIENNA;

Ohio State Fair;
Northern Ohio Fair;
Amer. Institute, N. Y.;
Cincinnati Exposition;
Indianapolis Exposition;
St. Louis Fair;
Louisiana State Fair;
Mississippi State Fair;
and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE

BEST SEWING MACHINES,

and doing the largest and best range of work. All other Machines in the Market were in direct

COMPETITION!!

☞ *For Hemming, Felling, Stitching, Cording, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Quilting and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed,*

Where we have no Agents we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale.

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

Agents Wanted

ADDRESS,

Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

E. M. ANDREWS,

General Agent for Oswego County,

163 Water Street, OSWEGO, N. Y

For sale by R. L. ALFRED, Mexico, N. Y.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

EVERY DEPARTMENT WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

Postage Free.

Subscribers for the JOURNAL have no Postage to pay.

We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail. This does not increase the price of the paper; it remains the same

AGENTS.

We want agents in every available locality. A reliable men acting as our agents will be allowed to retain, as commission, *twenty-five cents* on every subscription they obtain. Those who wish to serve will please communicate with us at once.

TERMS.

One Copy one year, in advance,	-	$1 50
Clubs of ten,	- - - -	1 25
One copy, six months, in advance,	-	75

☞ These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, registered letter.

Address

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Mexico, Oswego Co, N. Y.

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelminitics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

S. G. HITCHCOCK & Co.

4 W. FAYETTE ST.

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

BOOK & JOB PRINTERS

WOOD ENGRAVERS

LITHOGRAPHERS &c.

Special attention given to WEDDING AND PARTY INVITATIONS, ENGRAVED OR LETTERPRESS, Bill Heads, Business Cards, Circulars, ... and Stencil PRINTING, promptly, neatly and cheaply furnished. Orders by mail carefully and correctly filled.